

Secrets of Long Life

Three noted Americans, two of whom have passed four-score years, radically disagree as to the means of promoting longevity, but cite their own cases as evidence of the merit of their respective methods. When William M. Evarts was asked the other day to what he ascribed his long life and excellent health he replied: "I don't know, unless it is because I don't take any exercise." This has been taken as one of Mr. Evarts' jokes. Those who know the venerable gentleman best recognize the answer as absolutely true. Mr. Evarts takes no exercise. He has carefully avoided exercise for many years. When he went from his home to his office he would not walk a block; he would take a carriage, no matter how short the distance.

Dr. John Fiske, the historian, reveals the secret of his strong constitution as follows: "Always sit in a draft when I find one, wear the thinnest clothes I can find, winter and summer, catch cold once in three and four years, but not severely, and prefer to work in a cold room, 55 to 60 degrees. Work the larger part of each twenty-four hours, and by day or night indifferently. Scarcely ever change a word once written, eat when hungry, rarely taste coffee or wine or smoke a cigar, but drink two to three quarts of beer each day and smoke a pipe all the time when at work. Never experienced the feeling of disinclination for work, and, therefore, never had to force work. If I feel dull when at work, a half hour at the piano restores normal mental condition, which is one more argument for the hygienic and recuperative effects of music."

Dr. D. K. Pearson of Chicago, who has made himself famous by his generous gifts to western colleges and schools, has been giving some recipes for reaching old age. Dr. Pearson is 80 years old. His recipe for securing long life is: "Keep cool, don't overload the stomach, breathe pure air and lots of it, eat a vegetable diet, don't eat late suppers, go to bed early, don't fret, don't go where you'll get excited, and don't forget to take a nap after dinner." His clockwork way of living is one of the strong points of his system. Here it is as applied to his own daily life:

- 6 a. m.—Wake up and get up.
- 7 a. m.—Eat a light breakfast.
- 8 a. m.—Catch a train.
- 8:30 a. m.—Reach Chicago.
- 8:45 a. m.—Walk into the office.
- 12:10 p. m.—Board train for home.
- 1 p. m.—Eat dinner.
- 1:45 p. m.—Take a nap.
- 3:15 p. m.—Get up.
- 3:30 p. m.—Read, talk and ride.
- 6 p. m.—Eat a light supper.
- 6:45 p. m.—Read or chat.
- 8 p. m.—Retire.
- N. B.—On Sundays the clock substitutes "church" for "office."

Lincoln Waited

Two Years

In September, 1860, I was in Springfield, Ill., says a writer in the Boston Transcript. At the postoffice where I went for my mail I chanced to hear one of a group of young ladies excitedly say to her mates, "That is Mr. Lincoln!" Looking in the direction they did I saw a tall, slender, very swarthy man entering the office. He was so unlike my preconceptions that I doubted if it was Lincoln. He did not seem old. Courteously touching his hat to the young ladies he unlocked a large drawer and took therefrom a whole armful of newspapers and twenty-five or thirty letters, which he clasped with his long fingers. As he approached me I saluted him respectfully and said: "I beg your pardon, sir; but are you Mr. Lincoln?" He answered, "Yes, sir." Then—still very doubtful if it could be him—I continued: "But—are you Mr. Abraham Lincoln?" "That's my name," he said; "what is yours and where do you live?" I answered, telling him my name and adding, "I live in New York state, but have not been at home for a year. I was in Tennessee during the John Brown raid." "Is that so?" he said. "Come and see me tomorrow and tell me all about it. Good evening!" and we parted.

I was too timid to call the next day. I fancied there would be so many there to see him that he would not think of me. But that evening I unexpectedly met him on the sidewalk. He was leading by the hand his boy, Tad, and they both seemed happy. He instantly recognized and stopped me and after a cordial greeting said: "I see you have not yet left town. How much longer shall you stay?" I told him that I did not know, as I was waiting for letters. He then said: "But you did not come to see me today." I frankly told him why. He said: "The governor has very kindly placed his room at my disposal and I go there every day at 10 and stay until 4. I go expressly to see my friends and if they don't come I feel that they don't want to see me. Now, in your case, I particularly want you to tell me what you saw and heard down in Tennessee last fall and I will consider it a personal favor if you will come tomorrow."

Of course I gladly accepted the new invitation, and next day, promptly at 2 o'clock, I knocked at the door of the governor's room in the state house, and Lincoln's voice responded, "Walk in." As I entered he rose from an office chair, at a large writing desk, and coming to me, took my right hand in his and rested his left on my shoulder, as he kindly led me to a seat close to his own. The room was long. Near the further end sat Mr. John G. Nicolay, reading a law book, and on the floor was little Willie Lincoln playing. He had a hobby horse, a hoop and other toys.



OMAHA TOURISTS ON THE NILE—MR. AND MRS. C. N. DIETZ.

For more than half an hour I was questioned, and gave all the information I could concerning the conditions in Tennessee and Kentucky.

In less than three minutes I felt as unconstrained in his presence as if I had known him all my life. I recall that after a few minutes the thought came to me, as I looked in his kindly face, that he was not an ugly looking man—as was generally supposed. Though I was then but 20 years old it had been my fortune to meet many eminent men. But that afternoon, as I listened to his voice, looked into the depths of his earnest eyes, watched the wonderful expression of his face and recognized the wisdom of what he said, I felt myself in the presence of the greatest and best man I had ever seen. I rejoiced that he was to be our president. I have never seen another face that was so expressive as that of Lincoln. He impressed me as one who had studied the great questions of the day with a thoroughness and candor that was sublime. No wonder his neighbors called him "Honest Uncle Abe!" They knew he could be trusted.

After he had asked me for the information he wished, I turned the tables, and questioned him. Telling of my arguments with southerners, I asked if he, as presi-

dent, could interfere with slavery in the states. I can recall nearly the exact words of his reply. He said: "No. If I shall be elected president in November, and inaugurated next March, I shall have no more power to interfere with the institution of slavery in any of the southern states than I shall have to interfere with their banks or with any other institution that is dependent on local or municipal law for its existence. That is, what I say is true if I am permitted to act as president without trouble. But, you know, some of the more excitable southerners, the ones known as fire-eaters, are threatening that if a republican be elected president, their states will secede. Now, secession" (and his voice assumed an earnest, solemn tone, which I can never forget) "means war; for we can never consent that this union be dissolved. You know that the president of the United States is the commander-in-chief of all its armies and admiral of the navy. Hence, if these men shall carry out their threats, and actual war ensues, it may be that, strictly as a war measure, it will become not merely my right, but absolutely my duty, to set free the slaves."

Then followed some very kindly personal suggestions which I have since often wished I had heeded. Before leaving I asked if he

would favor me with his signature. I requested him to simply write his name. He said he would do so, and started to comply, but before he had completed the letter "A" he stopped and said: "No; I am going to put this in the form of a letter. Then you will always remember just when I gave it to you, and all the circumstances." And he opened a drawer, took out a plain sheet of commercial note paper, and wrote thereon:

Springfield, Illinois,  
September 22, 1860.

Jason Yurann, Esq—  
My dear Sir:  
You request an autograph  
And here it is  
Yours Truly,  
A. LINCOLN.

Such is the story of my interview and its circumstances.

After Fremont's proclamation was rescinded by President Lincoln, many ardent anti-slavery people charged that the president did not know his powers. His letter to me bears date September 22, 1860. His emancipation proclamation was September 22, 1862—exactly two years later. He thoroughly knew his legal right, his power to free the slaves. But he waited until he felt it was absolutely his duty to act, and then did his duty.



OMAHA TOURISTS IN EGYPT—MR. AND MRS. C. N. DIETZ OF OMAHA AND MR. AND MRS. RAND OF BURLINGTON, Ia.

Wife's Year of Silence

"The conduct demanded of a newly married Armenian woman will strike Americans as very singular indeed," said Antranig Azhderian, a young Armenian, to a New York Sun reporter. "She utters never a word except when alone with her husband until after the birth of her first child. Then she is allowed to talk to her child. A little later she is allowed to converse with her mother-in-law; still later her own mother may again hear her voice, and before a great while she will speak in whispers to the young girls of her household. She must not leave the house during the first year of her married life, except to attend church. Her discipline as a bride terminates after six years, but she will never again open her lips to a man unless he be her kinsman. Young girls are allowed to have a liberty of conduct that is in striking contrast. They chatter freely and cheerfully with whom they please."

"The Armenian woman differs radically from her Turkish sisters. Neither seclusion, nor polygamy, nor divorce darkens her present or threatens her future. She is not educated with her brothers, however, as American girls. I remember how puzzled I was when I entered an American college and saw girls seated among the boys in the classroom."

"John," I said to my neighbor, "what are the girls here for, to make the room look pretty?"

"It seemed incredible that any one could think a girl capable of learning along with her brother. It is considered a disgrace likewise for a man to walk publicly with a woman, even though she be his sister. She may entertain men callers, and, of course, her face is never covered, like a Turkish woman's, but her mother or some older female relative is always present. They attend the same entertainments and church, but may not sit together. The women's seats in church are partitioned off and are in the rear."

"While among many old Armenian families parents contract for the marriage of their children while they are in their infancy, in the majority of cases the young people are permitted to make their own selections, though always with the consent of their parents. Elopements, therefore, are unknown. The marriage tie is sacred in Armenia, and death only can break it. If a person has an uncongenial companion he must endure it with the same kind of patience he would endure a sore head, which, though he may try to cure, he will hardly cut off."

"With the Turkish women their only end in this world is marriage. Accordingly girls are from their infancy locked to sleep by their mothers with lullabies of future husbands, handsome, courageous and wealthy. The regular age for marriage is from 12 to 15 years, but unusual wealth or physical attraction call for earlier contracts. Generally speaking, parents are pleased if they get a chance of betrothing their daughters at 5 or 6, or at any rate before they reach 12 years. For at that age women must—so the Mohammedan proverb says—either marry or die. A girl is readily married if she is either pretty or wealthy. Should she possess both qualities then she is a great catch and will have many suitors. About her wealth there can be no doubt, as in the east one's financial status is known to every one. The age, too, can be easily ascertained, but the puzzling question is about her good looks. Is she pretty? That must be discovered, and, of course, as the young man has no means of finding out for himself, he must get some woman to act for him. He usually resorts to a Jewess, and if her report is favorable he then brings the matter to her parents' attention and his mother, after a call on the girl, arranges a party at a public bath. These bath parties are extremely fashionable, and the women dress elaborately. A meal of greasy pastries and sweets is always served, after which comes the smoking of cigarettes, long pipes and water pipes—the women seated cross-legged on divans and gossiping the entire time. Should the mother's report be satisfactory, after a few visits between the parents the marriage is agreed upon and the day set."

"As to the betrothal, the husband has to give a dower—or rather, 'hire,' as the Koran distinctly states. The minimum of this dower is fixed. It may not be less than \$1.70 in your money. The maximum is left open, and by that arrangement the family of the girl is able to obtain some show of fair play, for in Turkey the only hold a woman has on her husband is that to divorce her he must turn over to her this dower. After marriage it is her prime duty to court and obtain his good will, for if she displeases him she is in imminent danger of missing paradise. A wife whose tongue has made trouble for her husband will have that appendage lengthened to 150 feet at the judgment. Should a man wish a divorce he has only to return his wife's dower and say to her: 'Get out.' She has to go; there is no redress. He need not even give a reason."

Her Engagement Announced

Chicago Post: "Martha," said the wise mother, "I desire an explanation."

"Explanation of what?" asked the demure maiden.

"I recall," returned the wise mother, "that the buckle to your belt broke while you were dressing this evening and you fixed it with pins."

"But what of it?" inquired the demure maiden.

"And I noticed," went on the wise mother, "that when Mr. Fitzmaurice left this evening one of his hands was carefully bandaged in a pocket handkerchief."